

SPEAK OF LOVE: CONTINUING CONVERSATIONS

THE POET : The Love of life finding
a voice: Life through the Musings of
the Scientist Poet.

David Scanlon

PUBLISHERS DETAILS

“We move towards love knowing we are lost: in stumbling on together we find someone new everyday. In accepting your love a deep and lasting friendship is persevered eternally in our discovery and on-going re-discoveries.”

ESSAY X - OF LOVE

“... and therefore it is well said “that it is impossible to love and to be wise.’ As for the other losses, the poet’s relation doth well figure them: ‘That he that preferred Helena, quitted the gifts of Juno and Pallas’; for whosoever esteemeth too much of amorous affection, quitteeth both riches and wisdom..... They do best who, if they cannot but admit love, yet make it keep quarter, and sever it wholly from their serious affairs and actions of life; for if it check once with business, it troubleth men’s fortunes, it maketh men that that they can no ways be true to their own ends.”

Francis Bacon (1561 - 1625)

Bacon: The Essays of Bacon (1900).

Arthur L. Humphreys: London.



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THE POET, THE PRISONER & THE FOOL

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SPEAK OF LOVE: CONTINUING CONVERSATIONS

**THE POET - THE LOVE FOR LIFE FINDING A
VOICE: LIFE THROUGH THE MUSING OF THE
SCIENTIST POET**

By

DAVID SCANLON

THE FOOLISH POET PRESS





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FOR CLARE FRETTSOME

WHO SHAPED MY SANITY AND
ALMOST KEPT ME SENSIBLE:
WITHOUT HER FRIENDSHIP, LOVE
AND SUPPORT OUR HAPPINESS
WOULD NOT BE QUITE SO FULL.

THANK YOU FOR ACCEPTING
“THE FOOLISH POET”
“THE PASSIONATE SCIENTIST”
“THE USELESS HUSBAND”
“THE ADORING FATHER”
&
“THE LOVING FRIEND”

EVERYTHING I AM IS BECAUSE OF
YOUR AMAZING LOVE & CARE;
WITHOUT YOU I AM NOTHING.



**“THE FOOL DOTH THINK HE IS WISE, BUT THE WISE MAN
KNOWS HIMSELF TO BE A FOOL”**

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564–1616)

**AS YOU LIKE IT
ACT V. SCENE I.**

**LOVE IS FED BY THE IMAGINATION, BY WHICH WE BECOME
WISER THAN WE KNOW, BETTER THAN WE FEEL, NOBLER
THAN WE ARE: BY WHICH WE CAN SEE LIFE AS A WHOLE: BY
WHICH, AND BY WHICH ALONE, WE CAN UNDERSTAND
OTHERS IN THEIR IDEAL RELATIONS. ONLY WHAT IS FINE,
AND FINELY CONCEIVED, CAN FEED LOVE. BUT ANYTHING
WILL FEED HATE.**

OSCAR WILDE (1854 - 1900)

(1913) DE PROFUNDUS.

METHUEN & CO: LONDON.

(PROJECT GUTENBERG [EBOOK #921])



AMOR EST VITAE ESSENTIA (Love is the essence of Life)

“Men have often had the luxury of time and limited responsibilities, which have enabled them to find time to play, create and build: women have until recently not had this privilege, which in a loving relationships is ‘just about’ OK. Life is changing and all will need to learn to adapt.”

Amor est vitae essentia

“Seeing the world of things as things are and feeling true feelings in conversations allows her voice to enter; her voice of love is eternal and now present.”

David Scanlon: Lives in Cheshire with his family and friends. He proudly works for ArisGlobal, previously AstraZeneca, and has devoted his working life to discovering and delivering medicines to patients in

need of new treatments. In his day-to-day activities he finds inspiration to write poetry. This fourth collection is written for the love of my life who shares all the many poetic moments: dealing with good and bad alike.



ROSE SEEKERS

True spirits of the word made from flesh
Draw Rose seekers to the world they knew.
Abandoned to the lonely inward road some
Find the woods adorned with thickets, where
Once blossoms adorned the rambling spire.
Continuing the journey with friends, joined
In a conversation always light and moving
With signs and symbols waiting to shape
The emerging path with rebounding turns,
Words spring forward in Summers embrace.

Waiting together for the passing of new time,
The benevolent patience she once spoke of,
Lends the place a weight of eager passage.
Passing on again to the familiar green hill,
Beyond the pit, where all that is unknown lies,
A brief sunbeam gleams shaping new light.
Speaking of the everyday needs I wonder,
In wonder and awe, do others see the vision?
The musical words come to speak out but
Are consumed in an everyday desire for petals.

In love beyond our time I revisited the spot.
It was never the same with yet familiar places.
Reaching beyond the words that speak of love,
Finding a place where harmony and pain meet:
Lives a place inhabited by the smiles of friendship;
A place where the patience of time breaths fully;
Where conversation flows with honeyed tones.
In that place her words are born in those who see.
Finding the Rose amongst the thorns, rich in scent,
At last full meaning, found in her majestic innocence.



AWAITING DREAMERS

Trust is a spoken dream,
Awoken in our passing,
Disguised in the making:
Alive briefly for all to see
As in the flowers first voice.

The second verse sings
Through remembered words
As memory and place meet:
A new awakening, familiar,
As the blossom changes.

Distanced from the reality,
Noisily moving inwards,
The movement becomes
A stepping away from her
Towards a fading dream.

In the seeing of her beauty
The scent of time leaves joy.
In the trust of her truth
The reality of things lives
Patiently awaiting dreamers.



LOVE EVER PRESENT

Without you speaking with words of love
There remained a hidden world within me:
A darkened room anchored in the past
Filled with enchanting enticing voices.
Each voice speaks of a different way,
A confusion of words without meaning
Wrapped in a sensible rationality yet,
Devoid of providing a route to our heart.

Releasing with passion the words of love
Opens up the world of the ever present:
Moving beyond our living everyday needs,
Words of making and living and family,
Appears to be an escape, another place
Of limited value for the practical-minded
Wrapped in a mystery and beyond-ness -
Required meditation, needed remediation.

Your wisdom comes with words of love
Reminding me forever why we remain one:
Within our truest selves we will find within
That once darkened rooms were light-filled -
Possessed with freshness of the now new
Those simple images, an opening of hearts,
Wrap us up into a common warm home -
The place we were seeking, always present.



WORDS OF LOVE

A life fully lived, in the fullness of time,
Speaks beyond the places of making;
Reaching beyond the everyday work
Brings alive the marriage of our words.

Within our bonded union, beyond self,
Lies the mysterious places of our making;
Flowing with a defining pace is her time,
Which is forever moving in our words.

Finding the time to engage with her music
Allows the way to eternity in the present;
Where the worst and best of us fight is
A coming together in living, spoken words.



SILENCING INNOCENCE

Innocence destroyed her honour restored.
Through the harm perpetrated by that man
Groomed words, capture a moment frozen.

From the joy of friendship, a youthful delusion,
To the easing of that momentarily uncertainty,
Came a movement homeward, a shared space.

A fellow traveller befriends a silent fear knowing
Where the journey may end, hiding known intent
Shaped from a darkened place still hidden.

The traveling memory now dulled, yet clear,
Was filled with thankfulness and pleasure:
Hope from warmth returned for the wayward.

A space amongst the dark Mills was the place
Where the moment came in that hold and lunge,
Joined forever with an aroma of beer and fear.

Words of coaxing - fear gripping, time sharpened
The briefest recognition of the impending desire
Beyond what was known to the sweet innocent boy.

Power raged from all hearts as an assault to harm,
Youth wanting to preserve the truth of so many,
Deny the victim status, the pure right of the pained.

Escaping the clutches, from the released shame,
Breath is taken away along with burning lungs:
Legs pumping racing to find innocence again.

Running into a new kindness, in official blue.
The silence started and held - now released, safe:
A carriage home to a different hidden reality.

Confronted again the moment haunts, what
Could have been, in that Satanic moment in time:
A loathing life scarred beyond redemptive healing.

Shame from the harmful place, self-created,
Leaves an anchor and sail fighting for movement:
Within, time healing the ugly truth of man-kind.

Secrets and lies, where untold moments shape
The place within, from which a strength grows
Silently, patiently, through self-truths kind peace.

Innocence destroyed but her honour restored
Through a flowing determination to stand-up
For her silent innocence, she needs protection.



YOU ALWAYS CONTRIBUTE

You always contribute, it is deep within you:
Never far from the surface fires burn passion
Which drive your appetite for a humane life.

Without burning within and calmness without
Humanity has the ability to harm others with foolishness
But true friendship forgives for a deeper life.

Sharing experiences, in the making of things,
Leaves a lasting shape in the heart of the caring;
It drives within the appetite for a humane love.



WALKING AGAIN

Today I learned to walk again:
Within the gentle garden rains
A new embrace took firm hold
Showing me a new path to walk.

Today I learned to walk again:
Familiar but different ways spoke
Of the passion and bonded joys,
A path shared in radiant light.

Today I learned to walk again:
Faces and voices again laughing
Reaching beyond wired prisons,
Sharing a new path to success.



FRIENDSHIP IS WHAT FRIENDSHIP BECOMES

Friendship is what friendship becomes:
When the days lengthen and time shortens
The mysteries of our moments spent
Echo in the shadow's of every day.

Friendship is what friendship becomes:
Holding on to garlanded togetherness
Anchors us in fleeting reveries joy,
Opening in the lightness of every day.

Friendship is what friendship becomes:
Within the furnace of everyday conversations
A moments choice reveals a new truth,
Defined in the full meaning of every day.



PEACE RELEASED

Our smiling faces, in many places
They find the way, where we can stay:
We grab and hold
Our stories told.
For in our care, we face and dare,
To seek and hold, what we are told,
In hope and love,
We rise above.
For all the while, within our smile,
Is a found love, not hidden above.
Our ease and play
Helps find our way
To be at one and then become
Together in peace; our joy released.



SHE JUST GOES ON

Your patience and style has depth;
Seeking beyond the place of noise,
Finding the hidden and silent space
Where humanity often fear to tread,
Opens endless clarity and brightness.

Your words speak of honour and pride;
Found in the dark furnaces of work,
Within the simple everyday challenges
Between the chit-chat of noisy gossip,
Lie those who inspire: she just goes on.



UNFORCED LOVE & KINDNESS

Kindness comes from within our soul,
It cannot be forced – as rain comes
So our relationships with everything
Dictate how we go on in the world –
In those who have never experienced
A true kindness, with no other needs
But the will of one thing in each other:
Forgive, they know not what they do.

Love comes from within our heart,
It cannot be faked – as sunshine comes
So our relationships with everything
Dictate how we go on in the world –
For to experience love is to experience
A transcendent joy, of shared making;
It is the will of one thing in each other:
Share it, they will know then what to do.



LIFE HEALED

I turned, in that moment I saw you
Like a ghost of a past life coming.

The place in our hearts sealed,
Joined in a moment one Friday,
Re-connected in our passing time.

The briefest of worlds collided
Speaking of something holding on,
In a world in which parting ties.

I turned, in that moment I saw you
Like a joy of a future life healed.



FRIENDSHIP LINGERS

Friendship lingers beyond time
With modernity the echoes live on:
Will records ever capture the truth
When what exists is digital rendering
Of the mainly banal conversations?
Obliteration of the profound words
Leaving a vacuum, rarely filled.

Friendship lingers beyond time
In words she echoes through seers:
Her truth is eternally present here
In things as things are always seen
Captured in every-day conversations:
Observations in her profound words
Fills the vacuum: love released.



SERVICE: ENCAPSULATED LOVE

Service beyond our self-love requires desire
To love beyond ones-self in truth with others:
It is not shaped in the ego driven needs to seek
Nor in the emancipation of our early harms
But in the encapsulated reward of meaning.

In the mutual moving of our daily goings-on
The over-flowing joys of life can be found
Amongst the every-day noise of our making.
Should we, in the light of days glory, see things
Which inspire the best of our human-hood
Then speak of what you see: praise life's joy.

Make, in your service to others, the reward
Speak of a truth that cannot ever be denied.
Let the togetherness of the daily movement
Speak of a slowed down space of peaceful
Restlessness, where the mission becomes
A timeless desire to fill the world with love.



RESPECTFUL FRIENDSHIP: ETERNAL VALUE

With all the world seeking to find value
Where is the right place to search? For
The elusiveness of happiness is tamed
Not by the very things that help us live
But in the noticing of our shared soul.

In the place of our soul we have wisdom:
Those that have travelled the path and,
In the time permitted have found words
To nourish the other seekers of today;
Leaving hope that one day newness,
When it dawns, will be seen by the many.

Wrapped in the seekers there is a freedom,
Where, in echoes of majestic eternal words,
Is located a friendship beyond times limit:
That lonely road which never seeks an end
Is the past and future: alive in the now and
Speaking of friendship in our movement.

With our words we create our lives,
With our respect for the wise of all ages
We honour the lives we are living today:
A world without the eternal music of love
Is a place where her value is hard to find.



STOP BEING WHAT YOU ARE NOT

Living within the moment,
Seeing beyond human fear,
Where: the thing is the thing;
Joy is seeing you as who you are;
Meaning is being and angst.

Searching within and without
But not wanting anything: for,
To be is already enough living;
Desire gives harm and gift;
With the present being what exists.

Oh, to see a tree as a tree sees
Or be the river as the river flows
Or to exist as the sun's light shines,
That must be a way to be:
Trees and rivers and the sun
Are within the movement of days
And do not wish to be a cloud.
They are never what they are not.

Hunan-kinds kindness hides
When the world of man speaks.
For, speaking requires we hear -
Conversation is between the living
And living fires the worst and best.

Our bodily response is our fear -
As the tree consumes water so
People consume them-selves,
Rarely finding the keys to unlock
Existence like the tree, river of sun.

In Finding the silence in the noise -
Where the tranquillity allows vision,
Which, looks within the present
And finds the truth of reality -
We are prepared, us, to exist whole
And find the timelessness within.
Then we can exist within movement
And stop being what we are not.



SMILING FACES

Smiling faces embraced my heart;
With simple questions deepening
The moment to unexpected places -
Trust beyond hope touched us.

The welcoming friendship spoke of
A togetherness transcending us:
With boundaries of time and faces
Melting into the smallest meeting
A newness entered our delayed start.

With our places and faces renewed
A joy and wonder found a new home
For the visitor who rushes around:
Smiling faces embracing my heart.



THE LAST WORDS OF LOVE

Silence is what some may seek
But for others it makes the meek,
When power is what drives the day
Beyond this place there is a way!
Yet in looking for the truth at home
There are times when we will bemoan
The world beyond with all the tricks
Which disguises all, built in our bricks,
Ones which both hold and make free
A silence which lies deep within me.

Learning to fully live and be at one
Was never going to be much fun:
The tricks and turns of every voice
Found disguises in every choice.
Every way that opened new doors
Man-holes ahead within the floors.
It required another to join the way,
Her voice was never that far away.
Once heard in all her loving tones
There was no road and no stones:
In the movement of the every day
She helped me see and here to stay.

I no longer runaway and seek
For those are the ways of the meek,
With all her power I've found a way
To live in this place every single day!
In finding her truth, always here,
I am no longer driven by his fear.
Within the world of love I now exist;
The bricks and tricks, why resist?
Freedom comes with her clear care
And with her strength I now dare.

Being at one with this living fun,
Love found in the words of Donne,
Is to go far beyond love's choice,
A making and becoming - Rejoice!
Words of those before us stores
A love of just being here: it's yours!
Without other desires in the way.
We have found the one true ray -
Oneness in love is in our bones
Surviving all the sticks and stones -
Everything was always at one
Beyond the time of those who run.



FEELING FREE: CHOOSING OUR LIVES, YOU & I

We choose our lives, you and I,
Emerging as from the unknown.

Yet functioning in our special world

Requires a movement fully towards something

Which, emerging from all the past patterns,

Is captured by a moment, at a single sharp point.

Choosing our patterns, you and I,
Requires a trust in a movement true.

Yet continuing within our special world

Requires belief in a selfhood shaped by something

Which, emerging from all the patterns of others

Is captured by a moment, at a single sharp point.

I love our choices, you and I,
Present in the shape our working takes.

Yet making known and unknown free in our special world

Requires the patience to be shaped by something.

Which, emerging from all that has ever been

Is captured by a moment, at a single sharp point.



YOU MAKE ME

Without you I am small,
Imperfect in form and function;
Ill defined in desire
You make me who I am.

To suffer in compulsion
Without an end in you
Is to make nothing.
To create, you are who I am.

You have given me all
That makes a man of me.
Together we are whole;
You give meaning to who I am.



FIND THE ONE

Somewhere on life's journey you find the one
Who captures your heart;

Transcendent beyond the life you found in one
The rapture begins.



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